

## **How We Grow Into Each Other**

A bittersweet vine coils around the body of a tree  
deep in the woods close by the wild cold lake, like a small serpent  
slipping up out of an Aegean full of wind and pagan promise.  
So you grow into each other, sometimes, if you're willing to leave behind  
the ashes. Wait mostly, for the heart to crack again like a seed.  
Eat honey on your bread. In spite of your words that fail, wild roses.  
The careful throat of the wren, singing to the deaf plum tree  
over and over again. There is still stormlight  
and the stern seduction of fear, of course, the weight of time  
accumulating in your hands, touching the shoulder of your beloved.  
You want to arrive at that place where Solomon seal flowers  
dance in the wind. As though a body could be cool flame.  
Never mind the ravaging supplicants of desire, the day bleeding away  
into twilight. You know that night will come soon,  
like an old man pulling dark houses behind him. In childhood,  
joy was a small bird soaring into sunlight, the clear mind not afraid  
to touch anything. Trying to get back to that.

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